

Epithalamium:
O R - A
NUPTIAL SONG,
WITH
A NARRATIVE OF
LOVES PROGRESS.

Consecrated to the honoured *fame* of his
much valued Friends

{ Mr. *Abraham Cullen*: }
AND
{ Mrs. *Abigail Rusbout*: }

The blest *Objects* of this Triumphant
Solemnity: To whom I wish a Life enduring conti-
nuance of this *Dayes felicity*, whilst I remain obliged
to the *Honour* of Their especiall *favours*, and
rest their most humble *Servant*
L. L.

Dum nobis hæc otia fecit.



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THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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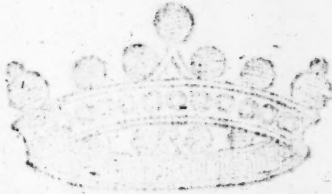
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EPITHALAMIUM:

OR,

A Nuptiall SONG, with a Narrative

of Loves progresse: Consecrated to the honoured *fame*
of His much valued Friends, M^r. ABRAHAM CULLEN,
and M^{rs}. ABIGAIL RUSHOUT, the blest *Objects* of
this Triumphant Solemnity: To whom I wish
a Life enduring continuance of this

Dayes felicity,

*Whilst I remain obliged to the Honour of Their
especiall favours, and rest their most
humble Servant*

LEONARD LAURENCE.

S Hal Angels leave their glorious Orbs & Sphar,
And with the Gods vouchsafe to frolick here,
Shall to the glory of this famous Day,
So many Friends as *Votaries*, freely pay
The tribute of their love, and represent
Their souls in *Courtship*, wishing sweet content,
With matchless pleasures, copiously to flow
Spring-tydes of *bliss*, till to a Sea they grow
Of pure delight: (on which, whilst *Zephyrs* milde
Ingross the waves, like *Venus* great with childe:
Her wel-rigg'd *Pinnace*, trim'd with *Cambrick* Sails,
And golden *Anchors*, wantons in the gales.)
And I rest silent, as my thoughts were grown
A lump of *Ice*, wrapt in the frigid *Zone*.
No, love forbid, I e're should perpetrate
A crime so great, as not to celebrate
This solemn *Festivall* with all the best,
And choicest *Honours* lodged in my brest.
For in this *Chrystall Region*, where the *Sun*,
In each fair *Madams* eye most brightly burns.
Should I remain congeal'd, and in such fires
Not streight dissolve, and *fountain* forth desires:

A

The

(2)

The World might judge (and soon rest satisfi'd,
 Since Ice will melt) my brest was *petrifi'd*:
 And fit for no *expression*: which conceit
 I'll vindicate: and shew that I as great
Respect, and *honour*, cordially intend,
 Without *presumption*, as a neerer friend.
 The thought of which inflames my soul with wishes,
 My *fancie's* fier'd by th' infusing Kisses
 Of yo'n illustrious *Virgin*, in whose eyes,
 Inscorn'd in *Diamonds*, a whole *Army* lies
 Of beauteous *Rhetorique*, which might well perswade
 A flintie *Atheist*, Heaven to invade
 With *obsecrations*: that his power would please
 To crown that fair one, with perpetuall ease.
 But here, me thinks, I'me askt, what that I mean
 By this large *Prologue*; how I lay my *Scane*:
 Or what these words imply, as *Love* and *Wishes*,
Gods, *Angels*, *Sphars*, *content*, and am'rous *Kisses*.
 Why know th' are *attributes*, that do belong
 To perfect up this day a *nuptiall* song:
 The which I *consecrate* unto a pair,
 Of Lovers chaste as is the *chrysell* ayre:
 Whose *gen'rous* souls like *Turtles* *sympathize*,
 Whilst *Love* draws *pictures* in their am'rous eyes:
 Whose draught, in time, may guide both her, and him,
 When to the life, they undertake to linne.
 At this the *heavens* smile, th' *harmonious* *sphars*.
 As in their *Orbs*, move in my *ravish'd* ears,
 And with melodious *Anthems*, sweetly chime
 Delightfull welcomes, to this wish't for time:
 'Tis all *gaudeamus*, Lutes and Viols play:
 And all *solemnize* *Hymens* holy day:
 Observable, even from the youthfull prime,
 And infancy of long continuing time:
 When pregnant *Nature* pinn'd on *Adam's* sleeve,
 A pretty thing to play with, called *Eve*,
 Whom he imbrac't, and finding that the *Bride*,
 Was taken thence, e'ne log'd her by his side.

The

The *parallel*, this day will make appear,
 The names but alter'd; such a *Wedding's* here;
 Ordain'd by vertuous *Love*, whose rule allows
 A sacred *Hymen*, to inroll their vows :
 Free from *fantastick* passion, which bereaves
Judgment of *reason*, and the *soul* deceives.
 'Tis *Apish* love, that by a subtile Art
 Flies through the eyes, and *Vulturs* on the heart:
Camelion courtship, subject to the fate
 Of flashie *Lightning*, which expireth streight
 Flames of that *Nature* do not *Mator* here,
 Sincere *Affections* solid are, and clear.
 For those that with a reverent fear approach,
 T' inflame their lamps at *Hymens* sacred torch:
 Shall beacon forth to all the world their bright
 And splendent glory, which shall know no night.
 But all this while, where doth great *Hymen* stay,
 Step prethee *Cupid*, call the *God* away:
 For all things else in their *decorum* stand,
 Design'd and order'd by thy mothers hand.
 He's onely wanting, prethee therefore run,
 Thou shalt have sweet-meats when thou do'st return.
 For then thou mai'st at leasure freely sip
Conserve of *Roses*, from each *Ladie's* lip.
 I have my wish, he's just arriv'd, the flame
 Of his bright *Tapers*, verifies the same.
 Our *Bridegroom* follows like a rising Sun:
 His chariot wheels like *Titan's* swiftly run:
 Who as he hurries through the *chrystall* Globe
 To kisse his *Thesis*, in her sea-green Robe:
 Presents our *Bridegroom*: how his worth doth pace
 With active speed, his *Fairest* to imbrace.
 Which that he may two sportlesse *Virgins* guide
 His welcome presence, where his matchlesse *Bride*
 (Like chaste *Diana* 'mongst her *Nymphs*) doth tend
 The wisht for entrance, of so dear a friend,
 Whose blest appearance doth delight her so,
 That in a trice a spring of *Roses* grow

In her fresh cheeks: then sealing on her hand
 His morning thoughts, a while both wondring stand
 As *extasis'd*, with the *extream excesse*
 Of their united mutuall *happinesse*.
 Which *rapture* past, from her sweet lips he sups
 A dram of *Nectar*, and ripe *cherries* plucks.
 (Oh *miracle* of love! I can't remember,
 I ever saw such fruit in cold *December*.)
 Then takes his leave, and kissing of her hand
 Two of his *train*, that there appointed stand,
 Respectively their humble service tender,
 And with a kisse, receive his sweet *surrender*.
 What want we then? the *Nuptiall God* doth stay,
 Come *sprightfull Bride-men*, bring your charge away,
 Love's *chariot's* fitted, and attendant staves;
 The seats are trim'd with *Rosemary* and *Bayes*,
 The which ingenious *Art* hath *verdant* kept
 Spight winters rage, by tears that *Roses* wept.
 Behold, she moves! like *Juno* in her state,
 A troop of *gallant Virgins* on her wait.
 Conduct her gently then (*Loves Ushers*) and
 Resign her beauty to the honour'd hand
 Of her dear *Choice*, who'l not fail or misse,
 To hand her in the *chariot* with a kisse.
Cupid drive on, it is already time,
 Hark, Hark, the *Angels*, they all-in, do chyme.
 Hold-rein, thy *Doves* w'are at the *Temple gate*
 Descend our *matchlesse* pair with all their state
 And *Nuptiall* train: and summon then the *Graces*,
 For to direct them to their severall places;
 Where while they sit, great *Hymen* we thee pray
 T' *in-aurate* this solemne *Mariage-day*.
 And since so far accompany'd th'are come,
 With smiling *Venus*, and her wanton *sonne*,
 Associated by the *triumphant* state
 Of *Jove* and *Juno* for to celebrate
 Those sacred rites, which their chaste vows enjoin,
 To be performed at thy holy *shrine*.

Ler

Let all the *odours* which thy altars breathe
 A sacred *requiem* to their loves bequeath.
 Crown them with *Myrtle* chaplets, and present
 Them with the *treasures* of all sweet content.
 Let no sad *Omen*, no *alternate* fate,
 The happy juncture of their hearts translate.
 May Loves sweet *language* evermore dispute
 All *differences*, which kisses still confute.
 And if perchance, there any *question* rise,
 Silence their *tongues*, and plead it with their eyes.
 Blesse them with all thy chief delights, and blisses,
 And blesse them in th' *enjoyment* of my wishes.
 So shall this day, the well penn'd *Prologue* prove
 Of their lives *action*, in the *Scans* of love.
 These wishes heard, great *Hymen* now proceed,
 Perform thy office, by the *Gods* decreed:
 Their *hands*, their *hearts*, their *souls* and *thoughts* conjoyn
 And bind them fast with thy *religious* twine.
 They both consent, and in their vows appeal
 To *heaven*, to witnesse, what their *hearts* do seal.
 Yet let those *eyes* that shall confine and hold
 Their *congruous* loves, be wrought of purest gold:
 That so they may like *Fems*, those *lockets* wear
 Not as *constraining* knots, that *irksome* are.
 Love's duty acted, ev'ry one hasts back,
 Where *Ganymed* presents them healing *Sack*:
 The *Bridegroom* in a rich-impleated bowl,
 Commends a health to his *espoused* soul;
 Which she accepts, and as a pledg lets slip
 A *Robe* and *Rubie* from her *orient* lip;
 Which scarce accomplisht, see the *Youngsters* streight,
 As if all *Tarquins*, put her to a strait.
 Nor can her *prayers* prevail, although she begs
 It's for the *garters* that surround her legs:
 But those whose *fortune* could not reach so high,
 Snatch at the *ribbons* which her *shoes* do eye.
 The *Virgins* they as fast for *recreation*,
 Plunder the *Bridegroom*, of his *visitation*.

And

And other *fancies*: which they multiply
 With their *conceits*: as in their *fans* they tie
 That *regiment* of *knick-knacks*: which as prize
 Now at the mercy of their usage lies.
 This battle over, they invent new sport,
 One tels a story how *Loves-Queen* did court
 Unkind *Adonis*: whilst her *Mate* cries sic,
 How was he bred, that could a *Queen* denie.
 The young men intermix, and act their part
 One vows h'hath lost, and there must finde his heart.
 A second tels his *Lady*, that he spies
Cupid discharge his arrows through her eyes.
 A third protests, that *Juno*, nor the *graces*,
 Could ever trip it as his *Mrs.* paces:
 Which to maintain, the *Musique*, he ordains,
 And with the *Virgin* danceth to their strains.
 A fourth collects fresh *Flowers*, another seeks
 A Myne of *Rubies*, in his *Madam's* cheeks.
 All are imploy'd, some kisse the *Brides* fair hand,
 Others observe how all things order'd stand.
 Whilst some applaud the *Bridegrooms* happy fate.
 And give *Encomiums* to the marriage state.
 Mean-while the tables are most richly disht
 With delicates, and if the *Gods* had wisht
 To entertain their *Loves*, could not have been
 With greater state, and order served in.
 The *Bridegroom's* health goes round, which is reply'd
 With full brim'd wishes, to his fairest *Bride*.
 The day, thus hastens, to another *Spher*,
 We leave the table, wearied with great chear.
 The evening falls, *Illustrious Sol* retires,
 And in his room commands lesse sparkling fires:
 Night in her *Love-hood*, having over-drawn
 With tissu'd *Cypresse* Heavens a *theriall* Lawn.
 Enters (the friendly crowd) attyr'd in Jet,
 With glistering oes, and spangles richly set.
 And whispers *Venus*, who streight steps aside,
 And tels the errand, to the blushing *Bride*,

Who

Who apprehends it ; and without delay,
 The signall given, numbly trips away
 Unto Loves *rendevous*. The *Virgin's* trace
 Her gracefull steps; and follow her apace.
 Amongst which train, some few grave *Matrons* presse,
 Who while th' unrobe her, preach the happineffe
 Of those rare pleasures, and delicious sweets,
Experienc'd by them in the *Nuptiall* sheets.
 Revelled then in her last *vestall* tyres,
 The *non plus ultra* of her *Virgin* fires:
 They with good counsell guide her to the bed,
 (Where (God be with't) *adieu* a *Maiden-head*.)
 Where hardly lay'd, the *Bridegroom* gently knocks,
 The door some *Virgin*, with a smile, unlocks:
 Saluting all he enters, and apace
 Hies to the bed, his *Fairest* to imbrace;
 And e're the *Virgins* are aware, undrest;
 He by the side of his dear *Love* doth rest,
 Who like a *Saint* doth lye, the *Fairie Queen*
 Was in her night cloaths n'er so pretty seen.
 Th' unruly troop of *Youngsters*, fol' wing, throng:
 And taxe the *Ladies* of a mighty wrong,
 In so transporting, secretly, the *Bride*
 Without their knowledg, e're it was espy'd:
 Which they excuse with *smiles*, and then incite
 Them all to go, and bid the *Bride* good night:
 Which they perform, each pouring forth his wishes ;
 And so *retreat*, taking their leaves with kisses.
 The room now clear'd, our *Lover* he invites
 His pretty *Consort* to unknown delights:
 She not acquainted with the *complement*,
 Seeks, with her *sighing Rhet'rique*, to prevent
 His forward will, and begs that, as a *Maid*,
 He'l not presume her *honour* to invade.
 He pleads 'tis *lawfull*, by the Gods decree,
 She argues still, and craves *repreev'd* to be:
 Mean-while he takes her in his *am'rous* arms,
 And having *whisper'd* secretly some charms,

The

The *Magick* works : and by blind *loves black art*,
 I know not how, hath seiz'd him of her heart.
 With which rich Jewell, I will leave him blest,
 And recommend them to their private rest.
 Onely one thing they may please to remember,
 It's nine moneths just, 'twixt this and next *September*.



